THE

Theatrical Observer:

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—Otheello.

No. 2308. Thursday, April 30, 1829. Price 1d.

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for The and Observer.

Drury Lane Theatre.

The Play of *The Stranger* was again performed at this house last night. The *Stranger*, of Mr. Young, is one of his most correct and interesting performances; his person is moulded for the character;—he looks as if the spring of his heart was never lightened—as if his whole life had been a suppressed sigh!—He, last night, acted it in his best manner; and the *Mrs. Haller*, of Miss Phillips, merited and received great applause. *Thierna-na-Oge* concluded.

Covent Garden Theatre.

The performance at this Theatre, last night, consisted of *The Beggar's Opera*, *The Battle of Pultawa*, and *The Devil's Elixir*.—In the last piece, Mr. Wood sang the subjoined air charmingly, and was warmly applauded; the music is by G. H. Rodwell, Esq. and reflects the highest credit on his talent as a composer.

I've seen and kiss'd that crimson lip,
With honied smiles o'erflowing,
Enchanted watched the opening rose
Upon thy soft cheek glowing;
Nor ever deem'd thy beauty's spell,
A purer charm could borrow,
But oh! I had not then beheld
Thy parting look of sorrow.

Although, in nature's garland gay,
A thousand hues be twining,
Can one surpass the snow white flower,
Through dew drops meekly shining?
Dear maid, thine eye may prove less blue,
Thy beauty fade to-morrow;
But ah! my heart can ne'er forget
Thy parting look of sorrow.

Surrey.—Last evening, after the new Drama of *John Overy*, the laughable Farce of *Honest Thieves* was acted, for the second time.—Mr. Webb repeated his performance of *Teague* with the same success as on the former representation; his songs were excellently sung, and loudly applauded.—The Pantomime of *Harlequin and Cupid* followed, and caused infinite merriment.

Astley's.—*The Storming of Seringapatam*, with the astonishing feats of the four Ferret Horses belonging to Mr. Ducrow, and the new Melo-drama of *Will Watch*, drew a very considerable audience here last night. Messrs. Herring, Gomersal, Cartlitch, Elliott, Mrs. Pope, &c. did their utmost to please, and were liberally applauded. The *tout ensemble* of this house is really splendid, and does great credit to the Managers.

It is with the deepest regret, we have to announce the probable loss to the stage, of that great actor, Mr Kean. He has been lying, for the last ten days, at Gresham's Hotel, in Kingstown, confined by a paralytic attack in the lower extremities. On Friday last he was so dangerously ill, that the surgeon-general was sent for express, and for some hours his life was despaired of; but he has since had a partial recovery. Such has been, however, the effect of the attack, that he never again, it is feared, can appear upon the stage. In the present state of the stage, this will be an irreparable loss to the histrionic art. For with all his faults "Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

Dear Mr. Editor, I address you from the Cigar Divan, King-street, Covent Garden, having just popt in to luxuriate on a capital cup of Coffee, and a true Havannah—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday, I step into *The Cosmorama*, Regent Street—every day crowded—charming illusion—the effect of sunshine and shade astonishing—Edinburgh on fire—wander through Rome, Switzerland, Valley of Lauterbroun, and take a peep at the Sultana, and the Seraglio at Constantinople—will change shortly.

On Tuesday, I visit that fashionable Establishment, The Royal Bazaar, Oxford Street, to see the Four new Views of The British Diorama; one of which is York Minster on fire—sublime and awful, but truly grand: the other Views equally beautiful; The Descent from the Cross a magnificent group—the cut-paper work extremely ingenious. Afterwards lounge about among the hundreds of fashionables who daily crowd this place, and make many little purchases at the different stands, which abound with every description of elegant Articles, at remarkably low prices.

On Wednesday, I step into the Horse Bazaar, Baker Street—inspect the magnificent Exhibition of Musical and Mechanical Automa—Musical Lady, Juvenile Artist, Rope Dancer, Magician, Walking Figure, a magnificent Vase, made by order of Napoleon, Birds, &c. In the afternoon, I qualify Mrs. P.'s discordant notes with some harmony divine, and may be found between 1 and 4 o'clock, at *The Apollonicon*; in St. Martin's Lane.

On Thursday, I shall be found, with my Spectacles off, admiring the truly grand display of the Wonders of Nature—I don't mean the Naturals called Fops, but the Microscopic Wonders, and Living Picture of Regent Street, exhibited by Mr. Carpenter, the Optician, in Regent Street. In the evening, I drop into Covent Garden Theatre to see *The Invincibles*, with *The Sublime and Beautiful*—always put me in a good humour—I am never tired of hearing Wood's 'Fairest Flower,' and Miss Hughes's 'Hunter's Signal Horn'—beautifully sung—nightly encored.

On Friday, I shall look in on Mr. Finn, in Regent Street, at his *Fancy Glass-working Exhibition*—an ingenious pretty Workshop. Afterwards, I drop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square. In the evening, went to Drury—saw Planche's successful Drama, 'Charles the Twelfth'—heard Miss Love sing her beautiful song, 'Rise gentle Moon'—most enthusiastically encored—elegant composition, by John Barnett—will be as popular as 'The Light Guitar.'

On Saturday—All my country cousins, with Mrs. Pry, are waiting to accompany me to that long-established Magazine of Novelties, The Western Exchange Bazaar, Old Bond Street—fashion combined with usefulness—elegance with economy—I always pop in at the private door, 14, Burlington Arcade.

Now having given you my week's perambulations, I'll kill an hour over one or two of eight Morning and Evening Papers at this aforesaid Divan, King Street—skim the Magazines, take a peep at a Chess match going on, whiff another Cigar, and then for the play—"the play's the thing"—but I intrude—beg pardon

Your's, PAUL PRY.

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Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, the Comedy of

A Bold Stroke for a Wife.

Colonel Feignwell, Mr C. KEMBLE,
Tradelove, Mr BARTLEY, Freeman, Mr BAKER,
Sir Philip Modelove, Mr BLANCHARD,
Perriwinkle, Mr J. REEVE,
Simon Pure, Mr MEADOWS, Sackbut, Mr EVANS,
Obadiah Prim, Mr FAWCETT.
Ann Lovely..... Mrs CHATTERLEY,
Mrs Prim, Mrs DAVENPORT.

After which, (8th time) a new Divertisement, called

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Principal Dancers.
Mr D'ALBERT, Mrs BEDFORD, Mrs VEDY, Miss THOMASIN,
Miss EGAN, Miss GRIFFITHS, Miss VIALS, &c.

To conclude with (10th time) a New Musical Tale of Romance, called

The Devil's Elixir;

Or, the Shadowless Man.

The OVERTURE & MUSIC composed by Mr G. H. RODWELL.
The Action arranged by Mr FARLEY.

Francesco,.....(*a Capuchin*).....Mr WARDE,
Count Hermogen, (*his Brother*) Mr WOOD,
Gortzburg.....(*Demon of the Elixir*) .....Mr O. SMITH,
Nicholas, (*the Bell Toller*) Mr KEELEY,
Page, Master WATSON, The Shadow King, Mr PURDAY,
Oldburg and Stormworg, (*his Agents*) Messrs. HENRY & TETT,
The Prior of the Silver Palm Tree Monastery, Mr TURNOUR,
Spirits of the Elixir, Domestics of the Count, Bridesmen, Maids, &c.
The Lady Aurelia, Miss HUGHES, Ureka, Miss GOWARD.

In Act I—A PAS DE TROIS,
By Mesdames BEDFORD, EGAN, and THOMASIN.

New Scenery.

Scene 1 The Mystic Cavern of the Shadow King (Grieve)—2 Francesco's Cell (Finley)—3 The Reliquary Chamber in the Silver Palm Tree Monastery (T. Grieve)—4 The Exterior of the Monastery, and its Domains (T. Grieve)—5 The Woodman's Hut and Forest (T. Grieve)—J The Castle of Hartzmere, and Forest in the distance (W. Grieve)—7 The Grand Chamber in the Castle of Hartzmere (T. Grieve)—8 The Interior of the Belfry in the Monastery (W. Grieve)—9 The Shrine of St. Anthony, whose falling Ruins causes the Destruction of the Demon, and shews—10 The Monastery on the Silver Palm Tree Lake, the Interior of which is brilliantly Illuminated (Grieve).

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening, (32nd time) a new Historical Tragedy, called

RIENZI.

Cola Rienzi ..... Mr YOUNG,
Angelo Colonna, Mr COOPER,
Stephen Colonna, Mr YOUNGE, Ursini, Mr MUDE,
Savelli, Mr AITKEN, Cafarello, Mr LEE,
Lady Colonna ..... Mrs FAUCIT,
Claudia, Miss PHILLIPS.

After which, the Farce of

TWO WIVES.

Flank, (alias Capt. Bounce, alias Lawyer Johnson, alias Humphrey Clod).....Mr HARLEY.

To conclude with (10th time) a New Melo-dramatic Fairy Tale called

Thierna-na-Oge;

Or, The PRINCE of the LAKES.

Produced under the direction of Mr W. Barrymore.

O'Donoghue, (the Enchanted Prince of the Lakes) Mr BEDFORD,
Ugar, (his Squire) Mr YARNOLD,
Argentina, (a Fairy Amazon)..... Miss ROSA BYRNE,
Dan O'Reilly, Mr WEEKES, Dame Kearney, Mrs C. JONES,
Kate Kearney, Miss S. BOOTH, *(who is engaged here)*
Lord Glencar.....Mr J. VINING, Simson Sinister, Mr HARLEY,
Dennis, Mr GATTIE, Martin, Mr SALTER,
Principal Dancers, Misses ANGELICA, BASEKE, and RYAL,
Brulabrand, (Ruler of the Fire Spirits) Mr BLAND,
Flibbertygibbet, Master WIELAND, Water Spirits, Fairies, &c.

New Scenery.

Scene 1. Subaqueous City and Palace of O'Donoghue, in Thierna-na-Oge; or, the Land of Youth, beneath the Lakes of Killarney, (Stanfield)—Scene 2. Sheheen House, in Killarney, (Andrews)—With the Approach to Dame Kearney's Cottage, on the Banks of the Lake, (as seen through an extra glass.) Scene 3. Kate's Chamber, (Andrews)—Scene 4. Hall in Dunloh Castle, (Andrews)—Scene 5. Glena Bay, by Moonlight, with the supernatural Appearance of O'Donoghue on his White Horse, amidst the rising waters, (Stanfield.)—Act II.—Scene 1. Hall of the Magic Ruby, (Marinari)—In which will be introduced a grand Masque and Festival of O'Donoghue's People. Scene 2. Mucruss Shore, with Ross Castle, and singular Rock, called O'Donoghue's Horse. (Stanfield)—Scene 3. Vestibule of Dunloh Castle. Scene 4. Vaulted Chamber in Castle. (Marinari) Scene 5. The Bottom of the Lake, which changes to "The Top of the Morning." (Stanfield and Adams)—With the Ascent of O'Donoghue and his Court to the Surface of the Lake, and their Procession over the Waters, on May-day, at Sunrise.